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1922
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LOST AND FOUND

BY B. ALICE PIERSON

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By
B. ALCE PIERSON

Commercial Printing Co., Lexington, Ky.



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B. ALICE PIERSON.

"He was lost, and is found."

Lexington, Ky.,
Commercial printing co.,
c 1922,

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PREFACE.

Though I have suffered anguish,
in giving birth to these thoughts,
the travail of my soul, shall have not
been in vain, if my offspring
prove a blessing to the reader.

B. Alice Pierson.

"MY FIRST SON"

John Joseph Pierson

Born May thirteenth 1899
Died April nineteenth 1904.

"MY SECOND SON"

George Brewster Pierson

Born July Twenty-fourth 1901
Died April Twenty-sixth 1904.

LITTLE BABY BROTHER.

He came from Heaven, by God was sent,
He's not to keep, but only lent;
My mother daily for him prayed,
Until he in her arms was laid.

As God her prayer did not refuse,
I shall my brother not abuse;
But love him just as dear as life,
Until he's big and gets a wife.

Were I to say, "he never cries,"
You'd say I must be telling lies;
For that is what all babies do,
I know I did, and so did you.

My mother's very sick in bed,
It was the shock, the doctor said;
But then he says, she'll soon be well,
And I am sure that he can tell.

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

'Twould not be well for us to know,
What in the future awaits us all;
But rather wait for weal or woe,
To be given at the Saviour's call.

The present cares are bad enough,
Yea hard for us to bear;
We feel our paths with thorns are rough,
We are almost driven to despair.

Suppose while burdened with a load,
That weighs us down with pain and tears,
We knew that o'er a thorny road,
We'd have to walk in future years.

Our lives I fear would all be vain,
No hope to cheer us on our way;
We surely could not bear the strain,
'Tis best that we live day by day.

DEATH OF LITTLE JOHN

Five days of suffering passed,
The hour of death drew near;
His mother by his bedside watched,
With tender loving care.

He said he loved God best,
While Jesus Christ came next;
Then Mamma, Papa and the rest,
Of course, he loved them all.

He weaker grew and wished,
To lie on Mother's breast;
"I want to die," (in faintest words),
Through faith she knew the rest.

"Holy Spirit; faithful guide,
Ever near the christian's side;
Gently lead me by Thy hand,
Pilgrim through a desert land.

Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear Thy sweetest voice;
Whispering softly, Wanderer come,
Follow me, "I'll guide thee home."

"Lay me down, I'm dying now,"
Came from the child so young;
And while she granted the request,
Another hymn, she sung;

"Precious promise, God hath given,
To the weary passer by;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye."

Her trembling voice had ceased,
To place the farewell kiss;
For as she sang, his spirit flew,
Straight to the realms of bliss.

MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

"Do you hear the angels singing,
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace, good will to men?"
No, dear child, I hear them not.

"Oh, mother dear, why can't you hear,
When I hear them so plain myself?"
"Well, John if you heard the angels sing,
You could not be here with us."

Then brushing away a tear or two,
He clapped his hands for joy!
"Oh, then I would be with Jesus!"
(Whom he loved the best of all.)

Yes, he heard the angel music,
And prophetic was the strain;
For he left the earth for Heaven,
Where his longing soul's at rest.

OUR GAINS.

The chapters we read make a Bible,
The poems we read make a book;
The deeds we perform are recorded,
Yes, even the meals that we cook.

No labor is lost by us mortals,
No matter how trifling the act;
It all forms a part of the order,
That counts for fiction or fact.

The songs that we sing make an anthem;
The words that we utter, a speech;
The steps that we take make a journey,
Ere long our last home we shall reach.

The friends that we lose, there shall gather;
The losses of earth, become gain;
Our poverty here, shall be riches;
All joy there, and never more pain.

'TIS HARD TO BEAR.

'Tis hard in deed for you to bear,
This sudden burst of grief;
The parting from a child so fair,
Whom death gave sweet relief.

No consolation we can give,
To ease your heart of pain;
Like God, who sent him here to live,
Then called him back again.

The child is treasured safe above,
Where angels guard and keep;
Look up, and trust that sacred love,
Which wakes us from our sleep.

'TIS FOR THE BEST.

How wrong doth seem to us the way,
Though by the Almighty planned;
We cannot see a single ray,
No matter how we've scanned.

We think if we could have full sway,
And do as we think best,
How happy we might be each day,
At night how sweet our rest.

But God is wiser far than men,
'Tis thus He wisdom shows;
So after all, we'll say Amen
To all He does, "He knows."

**"DOD 'ILL TATE TARE OF ME."
("Little John")**

"I know that Dod 'ill tare for me,"
I hear the dear voice yet;
And as the sweet child face I see,
My eyes with tears are wet.

"I know that Dod 'll tare for me,"
O, loving little child;
Playing about thy mother's knee,
Wise thoughts thy heart beguile.

"I know that Dod 'ill tare for me,"
Oh, wherefore, little John?
"Betause I try so dood to be,"
Friends listen to my song:

I know that God took care of him,
For angels bright and fair,
Stooped low, and kissed him sleeping there,
Bore him from mother's care.

I know that God took care of him,
"I'm dyin' now!" he said,
As close upon his mother's heart,
He lay his dying head.

I know that God took care of him,
The winsome little child;
Whose four brief years on earth were pure
And spotless, undefiled.

—Annie E. Michener.

LITTLE GEORGE'S DEATH.

His parents both were by his side,
And nurtured him with care;
His little eyes would open wide,
While lips were moved in prayer.

A fever seized his little frame,
Which suffered him to die;
And though for him death's angel came,
No one was seen to cry.

He talked about his brother John,
Who died a week before,
And upward gazed, perhaps upon
The lovely golden shore.

He seemed to be so full of cheer,
And said: "I'm doin to die!"
At last said he, "I'm tired here,"
Then smiled and waved "dood bye."

"Mamma, baby," simply said,
The last words here below;
Then as she lay him on the bed,
She sang in accents low:

"Saviour Thy dying love,
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;

In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Some thing for Thee"!

GEORGIE'S VISION.

A mother and her group so fair,
Were seated in their home;
Georgie in a big arm chair,
In a cheerful "living room."

The mother's upward glance revealed,
To her, a great surprise!
The child, from all the rest concealed,
Toward the ceiling, set his eyes.

She watched and marvelled at the child,
So rapt, he never stirred;
While wonder, filled those eyes so mild,
He never spake a word.

In accents low, she called his name,
But not a move made he;
His wondrous gaze, remained the same,
Oh, what is it you see?

Oh, could that mother then have told,
That in a little while,
Her darling lamb would leave the fold,
To greet his Shepherd's smile.

Around that sacred group, no doubt,
Were guardian angels fair;
And they, whose father roamed about,
Were watched with tender care.

GOING TO JOIN HIS BROTHER.

When Johnny in the casket lay,
George went to him and said "good-bye!"
Though no one on that mournful day,
Did dream that Georgie too, would die.

But after all, he missed John so,
As they together always played;
"To Johnny, he did want to go!"
'Twas then, he too, began to fade.

As he lay on the very bed,
With scarlet fever just the same,
We knew that he would soon be dead,
When silently an angel came.

As the weary night was waning,
He beheld the peaceful shore;
There they sing the glad hosannas,
Where they met, to part no more.

GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY.

If little George had lived to see
This Sunday in July,
His years, they would have numbered three;
But ah, he had to die.

The precious bud was plucked too soon,
We cannot help but feel;
And yet, he sings a heavenly tune
Where everything is real.

On earth ne'er lived a sweeter child,
So full of life and love;
Too fair for earth, so cold and wild,
Such reign in heaven, above.

To call him back, I need not try,
For he can ne'er return;
Enough to know, he's safe on high,
And yet, my heart will yearn.

WEEP NOT FOR US.

Weep not for us, oh, mother dear,
For tears, would all be vain;
Trust God, who wipes the mourner's tear,
Your loss, is our gain.

You loved us better than we knew,
We loved you too, full well;
But loved our Saviour fond and true,
So came with Him to dwell.

Our earthly ties are hard to break,
Our natures cling to earth;
But when we live for Jesus' sake,
We hail the glad new birth.

Our life is one continuous ray,
Christ is our morning Sun;
May you be able thus to say,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

SAFE IN HIS KEEPING.

Five years ago, this very day,
Our baby George was laid away;
His body, in the cruel grave,
His spirit, back to God, who gave.

Both he and John left us forlorn,
No fairer child was ever born;
A beauteous face and form had he,
'Twas said by all, not only me.

The darling from all sin is safe;
He ne'er need be a wandering waif;
For God who doeth all things well,
Knew what was best, we cannot tell.

And I, can surely trust my Lord,
Who will my treasures safely guard;
Until I come to claim my own,
When I shall reap, what I have sown.

ONLY FOR THEE.

Five years ago today,
The form of "Little John,"
Within his casket lay;
My darling eldest son.

Had not yet ceased to mourn,
The loss of one so dear;
From me so rudely torn,
How can I check the tear.

Thou Lord, hast known and seen,
Yea, heard my bitter moan;
My anguish sore and keen,
Through faith and prayer shone.

Henceforth my aim shall be,
To lose myself in love;
To live only for Thee,
Until we meet above.

FAITH.

By faith I can sing,
Of a happy home;
Where the joy bells ring,
From a golden dome.

By faith I can see,
Yonder pearly gate;
Where for you and me,
The loved ones wait.

By faith I can hear,
Echoes from above;
Sweet songs of cheer,
Sung from hearts of love.

By faith I can say,
"I am saved by grace;"
And will trust alway,
Till I see His face.

MY TWO ANGELS.

Two little boys,
With pretty toys,
Playing, side by side.

Two little brothers,
Each the other's,
Loving, day by day.

Two little saints,
With no complaints,
Dying, one by one.

Now angels they,
In bright array;
Living, ever and ever.

TIME AND TALENTS.

God wants your powers,
And precious hours,
To 'tend His flowers

They need fresh air,
Both sun and shade,
And water, too.

They need your love,
Your tender smile,
And blessed words.

All earthly flowers,
Live, droop and die;
God's dwell on high.

LOST FOR A TIME.

Little eyes that shone so brightly,
Reflecting purity within,
They have gone, yes, gone up higher
Gone through the refining fire.

Little ears that heard so quickly,
Music, which they loved so well,
Hear the saints now tell the story,
Hear the angels singing "glory."

Little hands, that were so busy,
Folded oft in baby prayer,
They are now in Eden too,
Clasping those in friendship true.

Little feet that ran so swiftly,
Doing good whene'er they could,
They the golden path now trod,
With their Saviour and their God.

Little voices, sounding sweetly,
Singing, "Glory to His Name!"
They are hushed, yes, hushed and still,
Now in heaven, their place they fill.

Little lips that were so rosy,
Kissing loving ones on earth,
They are now with Him on high,
Where we'll greet them, by and by.

SAFE BEYOND.

Around the "Great White Throne" in heaven,
My "precious jewels" stand;
They had no sins to be forgiven,
They followed Christ's command.

On earth they joyed to praise His name,
The Lord was their best friend;
So silently death's angel came,
Their earthly ties to rend.

They went a little sooner, aye,
They went before defiled;
"The Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,
The Reaper said, and smiled."

Why should we sigh and shed a tear;
They could no longer stay;
It pleased the Lord who sent them here,
To take them both away.

Oh, what a glorious, beauteous change!
And what o'erwhelming love;
To them, it did not seem so strange,
They craved to live above.

They brought with them a love from heaven,
That helped to cheer our way;
And may we have our sins forgiven,
And meet them, "Some Sweet Day."

WHEN SHALL I AGAIN SEE THEM?

If to this earth no power can bring,
In form or feature fair,
The loved ones, who to us did cling,
Who now are sleeping there—

Give us oh Lord, a faith sincere,
That we may meet again;
May we not shed a single tear,
Since tears would all be vain.

The time at most, can not be long;
The seasons, how they fly!
Ere long, we'll join the happy throng,
Around the throne on high.

And if our motto here be "Truth,"
Attended by God's love,
The aged one, as well as youth,
Will dwell with Him above.

There loving ones will be to greet,
Their friends to them so true;
And joyful will it be to meet,
And reign in heaven too.

A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY.

A charming day in September,
I shall not fail to remember;
When to the cemetery I went,
And there an hour or so I spent.

It is no place for crying,
Though reminded of the dying;
All Nature, in harmony speaks,
From the rill to the mountain peaks.

'Tis a place the poor are allowed,
As well as the rich and the proud;
I fain would there have remained,
But the golden day had waned.

To think that ere long we too,
Shall be buried beneath the sod;
Be among the faithful few,
Who the narrow pathway trod.

E'en now the promise is given,
To the patient loving saint;
A foretaste here of Heaven,
Though the vision be but faint.

COMPENSATION.

Fear	Trust
Blame	Pity
Weakness	Strength
Trial	Patience
Tears	Praise
Bitter	Sweet
Gloom	Gleam
Cross	Crown
Strife	Peace
Thorns	Roses
Disappointment	Satisfaction.
Poverty	Wealth
Loss	Gain
Failure	Success
Experience	Advice
Prayer	Christ
Labor	Rest

Sowing	-----	Sheaves
Clouds	-----	Sunshine
Blindness	-----	Sight
Darkness	-----	Light
Storm	-----	Calm
Bondage	-----	Freedom
Conflict	-----	Triumph
Defeat	-----	Victory
Sacrifice	-----	Reward
Sigh	-----	Song
Sorrow	-----	Joy
Sickness	-----	Health
Pain	-----	Ease
Agony	-----	Bliss
Despair	-----	Hope
Death	-----	Life.

Rejoice with me; for I have found the
piece which I had lost.
Luke, 15:9.

One evening, I sent my son after change. On our way to church, we met the boy, saying, I lost the quarter.

As he ran home to get matches, I remarked to my friend, that I couldn't see why God permitted the loss of that coin. When the child came, I knelt down, holding a match close to the ground, and there, right under the flame, lay the coin. It was in a tuft of grass, near the curb, in the middle of the square.

God tested my faith, but proved His power.

For where your treasure is, there will
your heart be also.
Matt. 6:21.

We are prone to lay up treasures on earth, only to learn with sad regret that nothing is permanent. Our affairs may seem never so safe, when with one sweep, all is gone! Our loved ones, taken by death; our homes, lost by fire; our jewels, stolen by thieves; our money carefully invested, easily lost.

'Twere well for us, did we heed the scriptural advice: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves, do not break through nor steal.

THE FIRST SORROW.

We may experience all sorts of misfortune, which is called "living trouble," but sorrow, is something that differs from all else which may befall us. We may not realize this, until death, pays us his first call; which means, our first sorrow. For the time being, all the world seems changed, and God draws nearer. We feel as though we were the only ones to suffer such bereavement, but ah, death comes alike to all. "The rain falleth upon the just as well as the unjust." We cannot stay God's hand, so that silent resignation and submission to His divine will, is by far the best.

"One event happeneth to all."

HERE OR THERE.

When the family circle is broken, and a dear one passes out, life seems no longer the same; the world loses its charm for us, and when we have loved ones there, and loved ones here, our wills, become divided; and we are content to stay, or willing to go.

Only a few years, and death has robbed us of our treasured friends, who at best, are few and far between. We may be loth to leave the ones behind, and yet, long to go to be with those gone before; trusting that in due time, the few, may join the majority over there, when all shall again united be.

God's will be done, may our will be His.

CROSSES.

Though we frequently meet people, whom we think are supremely happy, were the truth known, we would learn that every man and woman bears a cross. "Not a care in the world," is often applied to people whose lot is bitter, but their crosses are borne in secret. Just as the thorn attends the rose, so does the cross precede the crown; but whatever the nature of the cross, it may become dim, through faith in God, upon whom we are told to cast our care, for He careth for us; so that its burden may become lighter, by leaning upon Him for strength. It is possible to allow our thoughts to dwell so much on the crown, that we may forget the cross, by "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

LOSSES.

To grieve over the loss of anything is futile; rather try to make the best of everything. You may lose a coin, but one in dire need, may find it. You may suffer loss from fraud, but the guilty will be reckoned with. You may suffer damage in some way, which, while it could not be helped, is no doubt meant for your betterment. Death may remove a dear one, but, your loss is His gain, free from trial and pain. Three times in my life I was fortunate to find a five dollar bill, which upon each occasion, proved a "friend in need." One day, was unfortunate in losing a five dollar bill, and although, I could ill afford the loss, replied: I hope the finder thereof, is more worthy than the loser. There is no doubt, could we unravel the tangle of complicated mystery, we would find that what we term losses, are invariably gains.

A FRUITFUL DREAM.

Having no pictures of our "boys," except baby photos, was very desirous of having them enlarged; when one night after they died, I lay awake wishing that I might have a late picture; dropped off asleep and dreamed of a cabinet photo—John, smiling radiantly from the center of a group of about twenty-five children, which suggested to me the possibility of a snap-shot in the hands of his kindergarten teacher, who had returned to her home in Ohio. Upon inquiry, she wrote me that the school of twenty-eight had been snapped, but film was mislaid; and enclosed to my great surprise, a tiny proof of "John" in "flag" quartette, which she thought "cute." This, I had enlarged to a cabinet size photo.

HIS "FIRST" SNAP-SHOT.

While out to dinner, in the extreme opposite direction from home, my husband and host took a walk to smoke their cigars, when they got into conversation, leading, by mere chance, to photographs.

The man with whom they were chatting, went into the house to get his "first" snap-shot, which proved to be none other, than that of "our boy," at two and a half years, when we lived down town. The photo was taken in a printing office, seated upon a "printing press."

Sixteen years later, while compiling my books, was illuminated with this thought. Through Mother's pen, multiplied by the "printing press," "Little John," her "poet" and "boy preacher," will be a really, truly missionary.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

A month after the deaths of my two children, decided to make my first visit to the cemetery. It being the one's birthday, was desirous of taking flowers, which came to my door, as I was ready to go, through a small colored boy who offered them for sale; out of these, made pretty designs. While preparing to go, was surprised to find myself in a joyous mood, singing: "Sometime, we'll understand." Expecting to weep copiously, took a large handkerchief, but, as I reached for it, upon approaching the graves, it was gone, and the voices of my children, (as though rushing to greet me), exclaimed in unison, "Weep not for us." Did not cry as anticipated, but felt deep peace, and in turning to go, resumed the hymn in answer to my thoughts—

"We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
Sometime—we'll understand."

THE MISSING PICTURE.

We were moved and fixed, and it was with a feeling of great satisfaction that I hung the last picture, and retired.

During the night, I dreamed that "Eos," a favorite, was hanging in a conspicuous place; and upon awakening, realized that it was "missing."

Referring to the moving day, it occurred to me that we carried breakables, but what became of Eos, was a mystery; though partly solved by another dream, wherein, I saw the picture adorning the parlor of a grocer, at whose store I stopped to square my account, when in all probability, "Eos" was left behind. But the grocer when questioned, replied in the negative.

Weeks passed, still associating the picture with the grocer, when he sent it to me, saying, they discovered it between two boxes. A few days later the grocer died suddenly. I believe he took it home, but decided to return it to its owner. However, it needs an explanation of some sort.

I WANT TO PREACH NOW!

Sitting in my bed room one night, I was rocking baby. Present with me were two women; one, a Christian, though lukewarm; the other, a church member, but unconverted. Prompted by the Holy Spirit, I sang a hymn in which they joined.

In the adjoining room, were my two little boys robed for slumber; who, upon hearing the low trio, peeped in and asked: "Mother, can't we come in and hear you sing?" To which I assented. Another hymn was suggested to me, though ostensibly singing for baby. The elder boy, four and a half years old, tripped to the bed, and climbing up, stood by the footboard and said: "Mother, you do the singing, and I'll do the preaching." We smiled, of course. Just then, lifting his right hand, he gazed upward, and pleadingly asked: "But what shall I say?" I replied. "John when you get older, God will give you the message, and mother will be proud of her preacher son." Tears came, and reaching for the hem of his garment to dry them, called out pathetically: "But I want to preach now!" I want to preach now! "Now, is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Just as a word has its definition, so had that sermon, its interpretation, which was given in sad revelation: Life is short! Time is fleeting! We have no time to waste, for we must be about our Father's business.

Work while it is day, ere the night of life cometh, wherein none can work. In just three months, God called the preacher. Yea, he sent his angels to bear upward, those two dear boys, whose thoughts in life, were about "holy things"; and liking "God best," longed to be with Him.

May God use us in His blessed service, that by our thoughts, words, looks and actions, we may "preach now"!

ALONE

We often say, "we are alone," but it is doubtful, whether we are ever entirely alone. The visible may not be present, but what of the invisible? Did not Christ upon the cross, say: "Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" The faithful are no doubt surrounded by angels. Spirits of the departed, it may be. Have felt at times certain influences, appearing as it were, unawares. Since the death of dear ones, feel at rare intervals, their presence, assuring me that they still exist, and are not lost.

How important that we should live in the silence, as though all eyes were upon us; for how do we know, but there are illustrious guests present; besides, the all seeing eye of God ever upon us, and if we live true to God and man, we will be properly attuned to feel the presence of good spirits; and were we spiritual enough, might discern their likeness. Note the visions of the dying who have surrendered all of earth, thereby catching glimpses of a brighter sphere. We need to exercise our faith.

DISTRACTIONS.

Oh, the shattered nerves,
Of weary eyes,
Watching all day:
There's rest for them, and a brighter day.

Oh, the muscles weak,
Of stiffened hands,
O'er-taxed with work;
Reward shall come to those who never shirk.

Oh, the calloused soles,
Of tired feet,
Weary and worn;
There's rest for all the bruised and the torn.

Oh, the ceaseless throb,
Felt in the head,
Freighted with care;
'Tis God alone, can sorest trials share.

Oh, the anguish keen,
Wrung from a heart,
Burdened with grief;
The tears when shed, do often bring relief.

Oh, the bitter pain,
Borne by the soul,
Laden with sorrow;
Awaiting with hope, the longed for morrow.

LOST.

For the Son of man is come to seek and
to save that which was lost.

[Luke 19:10.]

Would you prefer to be lost,
Nor seek to be forgiven?
Have you counted the cost,
Barred from the gates of Heaven?

You owe it to the Lord,
Then why from duty swerve;
Believe His gracious Word,
Choose now whom you will serve.

Lost, how sad is the word!
And sadder still, the lot,
Of those who hear the Lord,
"Depart, I know ye not."

INFLUENCE.

"Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works, and
glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

If ye are the "light of the world,"
Ye should be beacon lights;
Sending out radiant beams,
In the dismal places of sin.

If ye are the "salt of the earth,"
Ye should give savor and power;
Using your influence free,
With the weary children of men.

If ye are the "chosen of God,"
Ye should be busy now;
Doing whatever ye can,
For the Tender Shepherd of all.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

"He that believeth on the Son,
hath everlasting life."

Our loving ones who pass away,
At midnight gloom, or light of day,
They're still alive and happier far,
Each life as radiant as a star.

Just as a babe comes to this earth,
They there receive a nobler birth;
And though they learn as they did here,
He wipes from every eye, the tear.

How do we know, but pangs of death,
Are same as travail caused at birth;
When agony, brings rapturous bliss!
Doubt not, for Jesus Christ says this.

SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake,
with thy likeness."

What though my days on earth be sad,
Mingled with pain and tears;
No loving friends to make me glad,
In my declining years.

What though my years on earth be few,
Fond hopes be all in vain;
No cause whatever mine to rue,
Earth's loss, is Heaven's gain.

What though my very own should fail,
To know and understand;
'Twill be made plain beyond the vale,
In yonder, better land.

TO B. ALICE.

"He knoweth the way."

Gone from our view and presence,
Gone like a light from our home;
Gone down to "ole Kentucky,"
Henceforth to live and roam!

Gone like a song from the singer,
Gone like a light from the star,
Sending its shining radiance
From distant worlds afar.

Gone to an untried future,
Led by the hand of Fate;
Gone with husband and children,
Down to the "Blue grass state."

Gone by the speed of travel,
Across the mountain bar;
Oh, friend of years, dear loved one!
"God bless you," where you are.

"There's the shadow of death in parting,"
There's the bitterness of tears;
There's the giving of loving kisses,
That must last for years and years.

There's the loss of the kindred spirit,
With the stinging sense of pain;
There's the silence of the music,
Shall we ever hear it again?

Look up to the stars of heaven!
Look up to the moon at night!
No "mountain bars" can divide us,
Thought travels as swift as light.

Look up to the God who loves us,
Who leads us by ways unknown.
"By pastures green, not always,"
Till we meet around the throne.

—Annie E. Michener.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

How many months have passed away,
Since Pa and Ma have died?
A little orphan asked one day,
Then bitterly she cried.
I cannot wait another day,
I must my parents see;
I'll write a letter, right away.
And then they'll come to me.
Of course she knew, they'd ne'er return,
But she could go to them;
If they but knew, how she did yearn,
To be a heavenly gem.

And so the lonely little child,
Went straightway to her room;
And there, so meek, and undefiled,
Began to seal her doom.
No sooner had the lines been penned,
Then out upon the street;
Unconscious, was she of her end.
This orphan girl so sweet;
'Tis folly to be wise, they say,
Where ignorance is bliss;
She feign believed, that on that day,
Her parents fond, she'd kiss.

A letter, held within her hand,
She darts across the way;
When a driver, losing his command,
'Neath 'horses' feet she lay;
She heeded not the noisy gong,
So rapt in thought was she;
Nor e'en observed the anxious throng,
All bent the fire to see.
"God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."
Who often heard this orphan pray,
Now stilled in death, her form.

And this is what the missive said:
"Dear parents in the sky,
I'm oh, so lonely, since you're dead,
I cannot help but cry;
Come down and see your dear Marie,
I can no longer wait!
Or send an angel down for me,
To meet me at the gate."
An answer to the orphan's plea,
Came through God's pitying love;
He sent death's angel for Marie,
To quench her yearning love.

A WAITING WOMAN

Alone she stands on the shore of life,
Eager to be the loving wife,
Of one from out the world so wide,
To dwell in bliss, close by his side.

On a distant shore, her soul mate waits,
Imploring the kindness of the fates,
To send from this vast universe,
A wife to bless, (if not, a curse.)

Why should I stand here all alone,
And hearken to the wind's wild moan!
Then trembling, lest she miss her mate,
She sadly says: "'Tis growing late"!

Adown the stream, another stands,
With eyes upraised and folded hands,
Beseeching Heaven, to bless the twain;
Sparing them from aught of pain.

A splashing oar at last is heard,
Though neither speaks a passing word;
A cloud dim veils the moon's soft light,
As a strong arm aids her in her flight.

Across the stream of life they glide,
The bridegroom and his stolen bride;
But as the morning dawn doth break,
They find alas, a great mistake!

Her sad eyes look and long in vain,
While he doth ever suffer pain;
Oh, what of she who was to be,
His own fair queen of land and sea.

In patience waits she for the King,
In His good time her own to bring,
('Tis sad indeed, but oh, how true.
If the one you wed, was not meant for you.)

Alone she stands on death's cold shore,
Awaiting a boatman to row her o'er;
She heaves the sigh that's to be her last,
For her grief and sorrow now are past.

But what of the anguish, pain and strife,
And the one she mourned for all her life;
Then over her comes the last deep sleep,
While taken over the waters deep.

And there just on the other side,
A groom, is waiting for his bride,
"Alone you need no longer stand,
For I will take you by the hand."

"Here all is light and love and song,
Where dwell the true, the tried and strong;
No moon to hide her face from sight,
The wrongs of earth, are all made right."

THE MISSING GLOVE.

Stephen Jaynes was the eldest son of his mother, and always "Mother's Boy." Cassandra Jaynes was her father's eldest daughter, and as usual, "Daddy's Girl." Being the first born grandchild, she was fairly idolized by her Grandmother Jaynes, who lived at Oakdale.

Tomorrow, said Stephen Jaynes, to his daughter, Mother will be sixty-five! I'd like to send her a "Gold Piece." Sure enough, said Cassandra, I might take it to her, and surprise the dear old soul. Just the thing, replied her father, as he handed her the gold piece, plus a crisp new bill to cover expenses.

The next day, found Cassandra Jaynes on her way to Oakdale, a few stations distant. She did not remove her coat, but took off her gloves. When the brakeman shouted Oakdale, she picked up her belongings, consisting of an umbrella, magazine, bag, purse, and flowers for Grandma. The latter, being responsible for the removal of her new tan gloves. Grandmother was delighted to see "Cassie," and after placing the coin in her pocket, and the flowers in water, started to put away Cassie's things. Where is my other glove? asked the owner, and both old and young began a search, going as far as the station, but no one had found, or even seen, an odd kid glove. That's a shame, said Granny. Yes, it is, replied Cassie, for they were brand new, and the first time I wore them.

Surely, no one would steal an odd glove, so I must have lost it, somehow or somewhere.

But, like many other such things it was mute and helpless in finding its mate or owner. Well, where in the world, did that glove come from! Exclaimed Albertus Shaw, upon his return from a business trip. Now, Bert, said his sister Claudia, You must know something about it! Honest, Claudia, said Albertus, I have not the slightest idea. Oh, Bert, you know what dainty lady you have associated with. Not one, said Albertus, with emphasis. I went straight through, bent on business, not pleasure. I positively, have had no concern whatever about the feminine gender. Well, it is a strange thing, said Claudia. It surely is, returned Albertus, for a lady's glove to be in my coat pocket. I for one did not put it there, myself, nor did the owner, intentionally.

Cassandra Jaynes and her glove seemed parted forever; nor did she make any further effort to secure it.

Albertus Shaw got to thinking. He consulted his timetable from start to finish. He thought also of all the different persons who sat in his seat. An old man, a cripple, a boy, a foreigner, an old woman, a girl with flowers, and right then, he stopped, for he had a clue. A bright young lady with a large bunch of carnations. But how did the glove get inside his overcoat pocket? She got on at Spring Vale, associated in his mind, with her face and flowers.

Then he thought, "It pays to advertise"! I'll try it, any way, and sent a notice to the Editor at Spring Vale.

Listen! exclaimed Cecil Jaynes to the family, as he read aloud: Found! One lady's glove, on train, between Spring Vale and Oakdale. Owner may have same by addressing: A. S., P. O. Box 596, Glenville.

My odd glove! said Cassàndra, looking over Cecil's shoulder. Then, after clipping out the notice, she got her stationery and wrote to the given address as follows:

A. S.

Saw notice in home paper. Am sure it is mine,
as I have a lonely and useless mate.

Gratefully yours,

Cassandra Jaynes.

Among other mail addressed to Albertus Shaw, was a letter of intense interest. After reading it, he turned to his sister Claudia, and said, I found the owner of the mysterious glove. You did?

Yes, and I shall have some sport with her ere she gets it. It is not so far away, that I can not take the time to go in person. I have had a glimpse of the lady, if she is the right one. (Bent on pleasure, not business, echoed Claudia.) So Albertus, looking his neatest, took a run in the direction of Spring Vale, where he made inquiry about the Jaynes family, who proved to be one of the best. The bell was promptly answered by a youth, who was, no doubt, her brother. Is Miss Cassandra Jaynes at home? Yes, Sir, said Cecil. Cassie, Here's your glove! And Cassie came swiftly enough, but when she saw such a fine gentleman, she drew back timidly. Step inside, please! said Miss Jaynes. My name is Albertus Shaw. I found a glove. You say you have the mate? Let us see if you are right! Cassie ran and got her right, while Bertie produced his left. And sure enough, the gloves were real mates. Each doubling the value of the other.

Mr. Shaw was invited into the parlor, to give an explanation as to how he obtained possession of the glove. He told them what we already know. So all decided, that Cassandra, in haste to place it in her own pocket, pushed it into his. Well, it is real funny, said the owner, who was in a mood of perfect delight. They spent some time, talking about odd things. When Albertus left, he shook hands with the family, and was shown out by Cassandra, who, from force of habit, said Call again! And he did call again, and again; and still more agains, until one night, as he was leaving, he dropped his glove in the vestibule, (whether intentional, or untintentional, we have to guess). The next morning as Father Jaynes went out, he saw it, and calling to Cassandra, said:

Now you may quit,
He gave you the mit.

And Cassandra said,

"We are even."

Cecil chimed in, And you don't have to advertise, either. The owner will call in person, no doubt, added quiet Mother Jaynes.

When Albertus came, he said: Gloves are man made, and of short duration. We are God made, to last forever.

"Male and female, created He them."

You are my mate, and I yours.

Created by Him, who is Himself, Perfection. Well, said Cassandra, I'm glad that my "mate was Lost." And I'm glad, said Albertus that my "mate is Found."



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